

WORDS FOR EPIPHANY.

There are worse things than a scolding wife—but we have forgotten what they are.—*Springfield (O.) News*.

An exchange says that Bostonians use the word "ocean," but never the word "sea." So let us all drop the word sea.

If "those whom the gods love die young," it is evident to *Puck* that they do not love Spring chickens.—*Jersey City Journal*.

A hackman recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.—*Puck*.

When a man prefuses his conversation with, "Now, I know this isn't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.—*Clackness Saturday Night*.

A Maine schoolboy has gone insane. The calamity was occasioned by his sitting up nights searching geographies and atlases to find the streams mentioned in the River and Harbor bill.—*Boston Post*.

More, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives, which leads a way to observe. "Just see what a man can do when everything is quiet."—*Boston Globe*.

If there is no rain for awhile some crops will be ruined and if there is rain crops bound to be ruined. This is gathered from a careful summary of a great many agricultural remarks.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"School-boy"—No, your geography does not give all the rivers mentioned in the river and harbor bill. So don't bother your little brain trying to find them. Only politicians know where they are.—*Editha Journal*.

At a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were to a ton. He was sharp enough to reply: "Maybe you think I'm going to give it away, and, get think when I go home?"—*Boston Post*.

The Concord school of philosophy has again adjourned without explaining the difference between the "heresies of the phrenologist of the thirties," or showing why the heresy of the heresiarch is not identical with the severethlessness of the heretofore. On account of the extremely hot weather, probably.—*The Judge*.

A candidate met Uncle Moose on Austin Avenue and said to him: "I'm sure to come to the ward meeting to-night, and bring all your neighbors with you." "You kid Jesus be day will come along with me, or I stay at home myself. Dar wouldn't be a chicken left in my coop if I was to go to the ward meetin' an' all dem nabors at home."—*Texas Singing*.

A young married woman down in Kentucky being asked if she didn't have a sort of an uncontrollable hankering to march to the ballot box and cast her vote for law, and liberty, and freedom, and equal rights, both civil and military, as viewed from a womanly standpoint, said: "Ballot-box be smashed. I'd rather rock a cradle with a good baby in it, than rock the throne of every municipality on earth by my suffrage."

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A Toledo man borrowed an umbrella the other evening and promptly retumed it the next morning. Some members of the Young Men's Christian Association found it out, and have ever since been trying to persuade him that it is his duty to preach.— *Toledo American*.

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All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, **free of charge**, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

Tracts are good things under certain circumstances, but when a package of them is thrust into the face of a half-starved wretch he feels like exclaiming: "Is thy servant a goat that should swallow the stuff?"—*Commercial Advertiser*.

A FORTUNE

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is a scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

It was an apple that made Adam tell, and the same fruit made William Tell.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

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A correspondent says: "What is the style of architecture of the Arkansas State House?" Very much on the order of the bat. All wings and no body.—*Arkansas Traveller*.

From the Danvers (Mass.) Mirror Mr. Geo. H. Day, of this town, was roused of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

You should never go under a tree during a thunder storm. It isn't fair to the lightning, which has often to pass a very good tree to get a poor sort of a man.—*Findings Advance*.

The Wilmington (Del.) News says: J. E. Shaw, Esq., proprietor Grand Union Hotel, New York, injures St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia.

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